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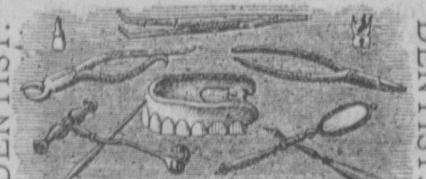
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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1878.

NUMBER 48.

POETRY.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How goes the money?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
It goes for rents and water rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps and carrels, hoops and hose,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Sure,
I wish the ways were somewhat fewer,
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paints, pomade, and *can de rose*,
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how;
It goes for feathers, lace, rings,
Toys, dolls, and other baby's things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells and bows,
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Come,
I know it didn't go for run;
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity sometimes,
For missions, and such things as those,
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—There,
I'm out of patience, I declare!
It goes for plays, and diamond pins,
For public alms and private sins,
For hollow shams and silly shows,
And that's the way the money goes.

—John G. Saxe.

STORE TELLER.

STORY OF AN ACTRESS.

The Little World was nearly com-
pleted—the Little World which was to
travel something like a satellite to
this great world we inhabit; to jour-
ney from one end of this vast conti-
nent to the other, in a week's time.
That is, the busy train was all made
up, and the inhabitants of the Little
World, the passengers of the train,
were taking their appointed places
for the trip over the long line, which
crosses the domain of one nation, and
unites the land of the rising with the
land of the setting sun. Some were
busy and brisk, moving here and there,
before sitting down for the final flour-
ish at the start. Attentive husbands
were gathering together papers and
pamphlets, little creature comforts
for wives, with a flat bottle now and
then as a creature comfort for them-
selves. Attentive husbands! Yes. For
attention in such cases is selfishness,
and all mankind (except you and I,
reader) is selfish. A paper and a nov-
el will keep a wife quiet for an hour
or two, and conversation on a railroad
train is dull, we all know. Silence is
a salad for a journey—or the first few
hours of the travel, surely.

In a comfortable seat, not far from
him, sits a woman, unattended, unac-
companied. Marvelously attired! Laces
at the throat, laces at the wrists of the
showy, even gaudy traveling dress.
Marvelous garb! but not so marvel-
lous as the wonder and wealth of rich
blonde hair which adorns her head,
and which gives, *vy les murs*, across the
forehead, a sassy offset to the dark eyes and dark eye-lashes beneath.

The blonde hair is a contradic-
tion to nature, and the flashing
jewels in the ear and upon the one
bared hand are contradictions to good
taste. So society says, and society
has tickets to the palace car. She is
socially ostracized, it seems. All else
in the car have, in the first hour of
travel, become intimate, or at least
friendly. She alone is left out of the
seven-days' home circle. All seem to
avoid her. "Why?" "Well, I cannot,
say, can you?" Do you know her?

(This is a little conversation between
you and me, reader.) "Well, yes," (I
answer) "by sight. Her face is fami-
liar to me from the windows of apoth-
ecaries' shops, and even from bar-room
windows and street posters; and one
evening I saw that face behind foot-
lights. Then, I heard a fine voice
singing badly-written songs from the
stage of the Seventy-seventh street
theatre, not to be too particular as to
places. There is no doubt she is fa-
mous, the lawyer would say "notori-
ous". An actress, the "highly-talented,
charming Marie Mignonette." She is
returning east to play an engage-
ment in the northern States, and al-
ready Boston and New York herald
in public print her approaching ad-
vent as a stellar attraction. If you
sit beside the lawyer and listen to his
low-toned conversation with the mer-
chant's wife you will hear all about
her. Strange he should know of her,
isn't it? He says she is "a bad wom-
an, who follows a bad calling; a play
actor, a burlesque. Yet I am told
she has two children, dearly loved and
looks askance at her handsome face,
our conductor cannot; nor does he
wish to. Indeed, his walk through
the cars completed, he returns, and
with a remembrance of one or two jol-
ly evenings passed at the theatre, seeks
a conversation with her. The con-
ductor finds her most charming in a
conversational way. Her bright eyes
are almost dangerous to him, whose
sentiment, coat smoke, Westinghouse
brakes, and all his jolting have not
been able to destroy. Naturally he
speaks of the woman in the "third-
class car." The dangerous eyes of
the wicked actress turn sorrowful, and
fill with pitying tears. Tears are not
far off, often, from the sparkle of a
drinking song.

"Can I go into that car?" she asks.
"You can; but it is no place for a
gentle lady like you," replied the con-
ductor.

"A place good enough for a woman
is good enough for me," she says, and
they take themselves, she in the

heart accounts for the appearance of
a little choice brandy, kept for emer-
gencies—the gift of some appreciative
traveler in days past. The brandy
gives a little more life, and the extra
overcoat, from the conductor's locker
likewise, gives warmth to the worn
woman.

The conductor goes about his busi-
ness, pondering and thoughtful. We
may attend him—you and I—for a
moment or two, and go forward among
the "quality folks" in the palace car.
You and I are first-class people and
have first-class tickets, so we can have
no difficulty in passing to the comforts
and elegance of the Pullman car; we
can seek the places that laugh at the
discomforts of travel. They are all
first-class people in the palace car, of
course. Here's a merchant. That's his
wife and that's his daughter; the
absurd little monkey is his son. Here
is a banker, and here a rich widow,
and the "qualities" of them all is a
dapper, sleek-looking individual—a
lawyer, half lawyer, half clergyman, in
dress, and he apes at goodness, what-
ever be his real worth. He reads the
last number of the Evangelical Quar-
terly Review, and from his side pock-
ets appear The Samaritan at Home,
and The Earnest Worker, copies of
well-known religious journals of the
day. "No picture papers for him; no
Improvement, improvement al-
ways," he says, with a vigorous roll of
the "r" in improvement. If we could
look back—by the bye, why can't we?
We will—we should then see this gen-
tleman a respected member of a largely
attended church. A man well known
for his eloquence, the delight of chil-
dren and the admiration of the ladies.
A welcome speaker at Sabbath-school
concerts, where he dwells feelingly on
filial gratitude, uprightness, and runs
poetically through and over the gamut
of all the Christian virtues. In short,
the sunlight makes her who is beauti-
ful beneath calcium light, and the
glare of the theatre, more beautiful
still. As she sits, her fair, round arm
supporting the older woman, the rough
passengers around are silent, and will
not disturb the two who seem to have
confidence one for the other. As the
day hastens on to join the night, the
iron leader aiding in that haste and
carrying the Little World farther, each
second, towards the darker east, the
"Old Lady," as she is called by the
fellow passengers, tells her story.
We may listen.

The low voice faltered at times, and
was difficult to be heard; but the act-
ress bent low and with close attention
it appeared, naturally, to the place of
the setting sun. Some were
busy and brisk, moving here and there,
before sitting down for the final flour-
ish at the start. Attentive husbands
were gathering together papers and
pamphlets, little creature comforts
for wives, with a flat bottle now and
then as a creature comfort for them-
selves. Attentive husbands! Yes. For
attention in such cases is selfishness,
and all mankind (except you and I,
reader) is selfish. A paper and a nov-
el will keep a wife quiet for an hour
or two, and conversation on a railroad
train is dull, we all know. Silence is
a salad for a journey—or the first few
hours of the travel, surely.

The only comparatively unconcerned
persons about the depot were
conductors, brakemen and engineers,
the photons of the Little World.
They, too, have some interest to see
who will make the long trip with them
—to see who are to be their compa-
nions of the iron voyage. Thus, when
the first bell announces all in readi-
ness, they eye each other, and with
native or acquired discernment, seek
to learn if he or she is to be "fussy"
and "bothering" or not. There comes
a stir among loungers—the omnipres-
ent fungi of American railroad sta-
tions, the vendors of flash papers,
fruit, prize packages and other dys-
peptic generators mental and moral.
The something interesting, which ex-
cites them, is a poor, weak, haggard,
ill-clad woman, who is being sup-
ported to the emigrant car by two lusty
Irishmen, porters or something of
that sort.

"Aisy, Tom, aisy! Go along, shlow
loike, for it's huntin' the poor 'ooman
w' air of fear."

"For God's sake, kape off, can't
you," cried Tom to the gaping and
insuring crowd; and amid a throng
of pushing, waving beings, they pass
until the car is reached. Not a
very comfortable place for a sick woman,
is this third-class car; but no one
of the rough company into which the
poor woman is brought is unmindful
of her. They, with one accord, make
way and give her the most comfort-
able—or at least comfortable—of the
seats, and a raw-boned Irish woman
hastens to help dispose, in the best
place, her weaker sister. The con-
ductor has barely time to mutter to
his faithful servant—"That's a bad
look-out, Sam; she can't last through
—when the whistle shrieks. "All
aboard" is shouted, and the train
leaves the Golden Gate for the Eastern
shores.

There is work to be done by officials;
there are only short spaces of
time for sentiment at the outset of a
journey—like "ten minutes for refresh-
ments," which mean a dash and a
tumble and then on again. But our
conductor has a heart; he can hurry
a little more after he has done a kind-
ly act, and will work more cheerfully
after a pleasant thought. The kind

conductor's care, to the comparative
squallor of the "third-class car."

The wayfarer is asleep. Her gray
hair grows scant and thin off from
her wrinkled forehead, and her deep,
dull set eyes are shut out from the
light. A gentle hand passes over that
wrinkled forehead, and a soothing
touch seems to give comfort to that
sleep. At once some little means of
alleviating the troubles of the rough
journey are sent for, to be brought
from the palace car, then the actress
thoughtfully returns. The first visit
is not the last. Twice, thrice, in each
day, and always once each evening,
the same journey is made, from soft-
cushioned seats to the hard benches
of the common car, the journey sel-
dom empty handed. Others learn of
the poor woman's existence, and "others"
only have words at a distance, by
way of comfort and help.

Each morning the lawyer, chosen,
it appears, naturally, to the place of
the chaplain, reads a prayer, or re-
peats one, and then betakes himself
to conversation and to reading. She,
the actress, listens with attention to
the prayer, and betakes herself upon
her comforting journey, happy to win
a "God bless you lady!" from the thin

One bright, warm day, the blonde-
haired daughter of Melpomene sits
long by the side of the sufferer. The
afternoon sun slants in the car window,
throwing a gleam of golden au-
tumn to the fast moving company.
The rush and whirl of the train cannot
keep out the song of birds, and the
air is refreshed by melody and sun-
light. The melody fills the heart, and
the sunlight makes her who is beauti-
ful beneath calcium light, and the
glare of the theatre, more beautiful
still. As she sits, her fair, round arm
supporting the older woman, the rough
passengers around are silent, and will
not disturb the two who seem to have
confidence one for the other. As the
day hastens on to join the night, the
iron leader aiding in that haste and
carrying the Little World farther, each
second, towards the darker east, the
"Old Lady," as she is called by the
fellow passengers, tells her story.
We may listen.

"It's many years ago, dear lady,
though it doesn't seem so long to me,
since I was young and pretty. They said
I met often I was pretty, and many men
looked sharp at me as I passed
through the streets of the great city
in the east—the great city where we
are going. I was a girl in the theatre,
a ballet girl, though I never danced
much except with the rest in the chorus,
as we used to call it. You can't know
anything about the theatres behind
the scenes, maybe ["More than you
think, dear," interrupted the listener,]
but if you only come once in a while to
see us, or let us hear from you, we'll
tell you all we can for you, and
hope you'll succeed. The best we can
do for you is for you, Jack."

"I remember, too, Jack laughed, and
a tear was in his eye as he kissed us
both and said, "Do you think me mean
enough for that? I'll be your true, du-
tile son, if I get to be President of
the United States, or if I never amount
to anything, I'll be the same in my
loves as you are." We may listen.

"We were glad, very glad. I remem-
ber his father saying to Jack that even-
ing, "My lad I want to talk to you se-
riously. When you go there into
that law office, your having an igno-
rant, common father and mother (God
bless her!) may be a hindrance to you
in your life." We love you well, as I
needn't say; you're all to us; but if you
only come once in a while to see us, or
let us hear from you, we'll tell you all
we can for you, and hope you'll succeed.
The best we can do for you is for you, Jack."

"When Jack didn't come of a Sun-
day his father would say, kinder trem-
bling in his voice, "I suppose he's aw-
fully busy, and hasn't time to come to
us. He hasn't been for a long time,
dear, has he?"

"We never saw Jack again! Heaven
bless him! We never sought him. I
suppose it was natural, with his fine as-
sociates, that we should be a shame to
him, and we forgave him every day.
My heart ached and ached, and when
one day, after rehearsal, they brought
my man home, dead, dead, I suppose
I went crazy. He had fallen from a
staging, and only lived to say "Love
Nelly—Jack."

"He was buried many days when I
came to my real senses, and I was in
an hospital. I thought often I'd hunt
for Jack. Perhaps he'd receive me,
now his father was dead; but then I
said to myself if he is happy and doing
well I won't trouble him—I'll wait,
and I did wait, with no hearing of

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"Mutual Auxiliary," the object of which is to render pecuniary aid to the heirs, or assigns, of its deceased subscribers. The plan briefly, is as follows: Every subscriber of the JOURNAL who is in good health at the time of subscribing, having paid one year's subscription in advance, and continuing a regularly paid-up yearly subscription, will be enrolled a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary." Upon the death of any such subscriber the present proprietor and the future proprietors of the JOURNAL, upon receiving satisfactory information of such death, will transmit, within thirty days after the expiration of the year, (the year commencing April 1st and ending March 31st), to the heirs, or assigns, of such deceased subscriber the sum of 25 cents for each subscription received for the JOURNAL, thus: if the subscription list of the JOURNAL amounts to 1,000 subscribers the said heirs, or assigns, will receive the sum of \$250; if 2,000 subscribers, \$500; if 50,000 subscribers, \$12,500, and so on. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs, or assigns, of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum or sums shall accrue to the benefit of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It will be seen that this is an unparalleled indemnity to subscribers, considering that they will also receive one of the most interesting, and cheapest papers published in America. A certificate of membership to the subscribers' "Mutual Auxiliary" will be sent to each paid-up subscriber, and such subscribers shall remain in good standing, and entitled to its benefits, so long as they renew, regularly, their yearly subscriptions.

This auxiliary plan is no "catch-penny concern," but is devised with intentions most honorable, namely: For the purpose of enlarging the circulation of the paper, and building up a fund for the benefit of the heirs of its patrons.

As many hearing people take the JOURNAL, all of whom place a high estimate on its worth, now, if many more would subscribe for it, they would be helping the paper, the deaf-mute subscribers, and be benefiting themselves.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

The undersigned, a resident of—county, being in good health, and desiring to become a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary," herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, in advance, as his subscription to the same during his natural life; or, failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the "Mutual Auxiliary."

For the benefit of —— Subscriber.

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Dates of advertising made known upon application.

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POSTPONED.

Having a large amount of correspondence and notices on hand, we are under the necessity of postponing the publication of several articles till next week, when the balance will appear in our paper.

SEND IN THE "ITEMS."

Our subscribers are cordially invited, and urged, to send in for publication all the news scraps of importance occurring within their knowledge, or without their personal knowledge if they can rely upon the veracity of their informants.

A large number of our readers have expressed great pleasure in reading the "Itemizer" columns, which constitute quite a budget of news every week. Desiring to indulge the tastes of a large number, we intend to make the "Itemizer" columns more than ever heretofore interesting, and shall be able to do so if our friends will take a little more pains to furnish interesting and short news scraps for that purpose. Please send us items concerning the deaf and dumb.

THE FROG OPERA.

The curiosity of our readers has, no doubt, become excited to know more about the Frog Opera, which is to be given at the Academy of Music, Oswego, N. Y., Nov. 29th and 30th, for the benefit of the Oswego Orphan Asylum. This novel extravaganza was originally written for the Amateur Society, connected with a fashionable charity Association of Providence, R. I., where it was produced for the first time in February, 1873.

This charming entertainment is a great success wherever it is brought out. Of it the Albany Evening Journal of Wednesday says:

Briefly, the "Frog" would be a wowing go," and the story of that wowing and its unfortunate termination, furnish the occasion for stringing together a bewildering musical phantasmagoria, embracing snatches of airs and trios and duets and choruses from nearly all the operas and nearly all the masters in music. The *dramatis personae* as frogs, rats, cats, mice and gypsies, and much ingenuity is displayed by the singers in making the costumes indicate the characters they assume. The dressing is really one of the fea-

tures of the representation, and at times the scene on the stage is dazzling in its wealth of color. The piece throughout is productive of the most uproarious fun and merriment, and when the performers are inspired by the crowded houses, which will inevitably greet them from this on, the entertainment will be one worth a journey to witness and listen to.

The leading parts, with the exception of Prince Frog, and also the chorus, are filled by gentlemen and ladies of this city. Altogether the representation of the *Frog Opera* is quite an event, and everybody who enjoys music and fun should witness it.

Appointments of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Job Turner for January and February, 1879.

Frederick City, Md.	Jan. 8, 1879.
Romney, W. Va.	" 9 & 10
Staunton, Va.	" 11, 12 & 13,
Richmond, Va.	" 15,
Petersburg, Va.	" 16,
Raleigh, N. C.	" 19,
Cedar Springs, S. C.	" 21,
Athens, Ga.	" 23,
Atlanta, Ga.	" 26,
Knoxville, Tenn.	" 28,
Cave Spring, Ga.	" 30,
Talladega, Ala.	" 31,
Montgomery, Ala.	Feb. 2,
Mobile, Ala.	" 4,
Jackson, Miss.	" 7,
New Orleans, La.	" 9,
Savannah, Ga.	" 11,
Charleston, S. C.	" 13,
Columbia, S. C.	" 14,
Wilmington, N. C.	" 16,
Norfolk, Va.	" 19,
Baltimore, Md.	" 23,

Prof. Job Turner will officiate in Baltimore, and Dr. Gallaudet in New York, on the 23d of February. Mr. Turner expects to itinerate through Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee during the month of March, April and May. Then he will take the New England field again for the summer and a part of the fall. He has gone to Canada for two or three weeks at the request of W. J. Palmer, principal of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who takes so deep an interest in the moral, intellectual, and religious welfare of the deaf-mutes of the Dominion. On his return from Canada, he will be in Buffalo, Rochester, Geneva, Syracuse, Rome, Mexico, Watertown, Albany, New York, &c.

ENGLAND IN CYPRUS.

The occupation of Cyprus by the British Government is of an event than at first sight appears. Its geographical situation makes its possession by a distant power a formidable menace to the rest of the world, and it would not be strange if Russia, France, and other nations, perhaps Austria and Italy, should find that the old balance of power is disturbed by the preponderating influence of England in the centre of the eastern seas.

Cyprus has a history, and the literature all involved in the story of this little island. It is about 148 miles long; it is 4,500 square miles in surface, and its population, once counted by millions, is now about the tenth of one million.

Under the Phenicians, Assyrians, Persians, and Egyptians, the Greeks, Romans, and more than all, under the Venetians, it has flourished as the abode of luxury, wealth, and taste. The discoveries of General Cesnola, now making rich the galleries of our Metropolitan Art Museum, show us the successive stages of civilization through which the island has passed. The Venus of Paphos was fabled to have risen from the foam of the sea on its shores, a myth that was born of the beauty that dwells in the bays and along the shores of Cyprus. Temples of unsurpassed magnificence have mouldered into ruins, and on the ruins other temples have risen and perished. The soil yields all manner of fruits. Grapes and olives, cotton and tobacco, dye-woods and drage, minerals and madam, have been the productions of the island.

Three hundred years it has been in the hands of the Turks, and, of course, it has been decaying, until it has ceased to be of any interest or importance. By the new treaty made with the British Government, to the astonishment of the world, this historical island becomes the strategic point of observation, defense, and perhaps offence, in the eastern waters. It is the most eastern Mediterranean isle; midway between the shores of Syria and of Asia Minor; and as the British now have Gibraltar at the opening, Malta in the midst, and Cyprus at the end of the Mediterranean, they may be said to have the command of the Great Sea.

The British Government now assumes the protectorate of Turkey. All the power she employs will be for the advancement of Christian civilization, and the religious world will rejoice with thanksgiving that the same government which has so long been beneficial in India will, for the present at least, be felt for good where the despotism of the "unspeakable Turk" has been for four centuries supreme.

Thus the Kingdom of God is extended, as the powers of darkness are put down, and peace established in the earth. The difficulties which England will encounter are indeed great. It will be often defeated in its attempts to secure order and honesty, religious liberty, but so far as the terms of the treaty will justify its interference, we know that the new power will be exerted for the progress and happiness of the people who have been for ages under the iron heel of the False Prophet.

Having a large amount of corre-

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We will keep our friends and readers well supplied with items; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

MILTON W. CARR, a deaf-mute, is a compositor on the Sparta, Ill., *Prudenteiler*.

The boys and girls of the Kansas Institution are taking exercise by running races.

The Virginia Institution pupils enjoyed a half-holiday on Thursday, November 14th.

The water works are expected soon to be ready for the use of the Colorado Institution.

EX-PRINCIPAL Kinney, of the Nebraska Institution, is in the mercantile business at Iowa City.

The superintendent of the Colorado Institution has erected a large swing for the female pupils.

The baker at the Illinois Institution shot seven wild ducks, and a wild goose which weighed 12 pounds.

The Maryland Institution will have gymnasium exercises, and so has the Iowa College for the deaf.

GEORGE W. Waltham, of the Missouri Institution, has been appointed teacher at the Texas Institution.

The Colorado Institution folks will not have to go to Hartford to eat apples; they now have some at home.

Some of the boys at the Colorado Institution lately had a time of great rejoicing when a new cook was procured.

Miss Ellen W. Evans, of Rome, N. Y., visited our family, and other friends in this vicinity, a few days last week.

PROFESSOR McGregor and his assistant, Robert King, have 30 pupils in the Cincinnati School for Deaf-Mutes.

Mrs. Vane, a teacher at the Texas Institution, lately received a fine present from her father. It was a horse and buggy.

A deaf-mute tramp, claiming to be a book agent, lately visited the Virginia Institution, and stayed as long as he was allowed to.

EDDIE S. Paxton, who last June graduated from the West Virginia Institution, expects to go to Kansas in a few weeks.

A pupil at the Illinois Institution was asked "What is made in Wisconsin?" He replied "Wisconsin was made in maple sugar."

The older boys of the American Asylum have formed a military company. Charlie Slocum drilled them two evenings every week.

The pupils of the West Virginia Institution lately enjoyed a holiday on the occasion of the marriage of one of the principal's daughters.

The foreman of the cabinet-shop at the Michigan Institution has nearly completed some desks and seats combined for the school-rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, from the mountains, lately visited the Colorado Institution, and expressed satisfaction with the progress of their son.

MR. F. J. Wofaston, of Springfield, O., is now on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer*. He is a graduate of the Ohio Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, the latter a tailor at the West Virginia Institution, have six boys. Number 6, nearly a twelve-pounder, arrived on the 5th inst.

A tramp was lately entertained by a substantial meal at the Colorado Institution, but emphatically answered "no" and said when invited to do a little work.

MR. THOMAS TURNER, of Clifton, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, has recently fallen heir to relative in Mt. Vernon, Ind.

MR. STONE, Principal of the American Asylum, has received quite a number of subscriptions for the *Daily News*. This shows that the former pupils are still interested in it.

THOMAS PAGE, foreman of the shoe shop at the Michigan Institution, was recently drawn upon the United States grand jury, and had to spend two weeks at court in Detroit.

MR. EDWIN W. DEAN, white, and Miss SEMINER DAY, colored, of Jillin, O., were recently married at Akron, Rev. Mr. MILLER officiating. They received their education at Columbus, O.

SAVANNAH, Nov. 20.—The *Hartford Daily News*: One of the new pupils, named Julia Spaulding, from South Royalston, Mass., died at the institution this morning after an illness of only four days.

THE DAILY NEWS says: There are quite a number of deaf-mute newspapers printed at different institutions in the United States. This institution receives about a dozen of them regularly. Most of them are printed weekly. Some of them are semi-monthly papers, and two of them are issued only monthly. They are printed by the pupils of the various institutions, with common type and printing presses, and are all interesting and useful papers. Their names are, the *Colorado Deaf-Mute Index*, the *Kansas Star*, the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute*, the *Minnesota Mute Companion*, the *Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror*, the *New York Educator*, the *Ohio Mute Chronicle*, the *Texas Mute Ranger*, the *Virginia Goodson Gazette*, the *West Virginia Table*, the *Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Press*, the *Mute Journal of Nebraska*. Besides these institution newspapers there is a very excellent paper called *The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, published at Mexico, in New York State, by a deaf-mute named Henry C. Rider. The *Daily News*, written with the electric pen, invented by Mr. Edison, is the only deaf-mute daily paper in the United States. The pupils of the asylum are much interested in reading all these newspapers, which are prepared expressly for deaf-mutes.

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Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

THE IMPORTANCE OF READING FOR DEAF-MUTES.

It has been said with truth and justice that deaf-mutes as a class stand aloof from the rest of the world, forming societies for their own special benefit, and preferring the company of their own kind to that of other people, perhaps upon the principle that "misery loves company." They have been accused of claimlessness on that account. All this cannot be denied even by the warmest friends of the "children of silence." And what is the reason that this portion of the human race whose misfortune, but surely not their fault, it is to have been deprived of the sense of hearing, do not mingle on equal terms with their more fortunate fellow men? What gulf so deep and impassable divides them from the world-at-large? Some one might answer that the loss of hearing is the greatest obstacle which bars the way of a deaf-mute to success in the world. But I ask, is there not a remedy for misfortune in another than a physical sense? Is there not a way by which the deaf can communicate their thoughts, their wants or ideas to the hearing people? Yes, there is; and it is language—written, not spoken language.

Language is the dividing line between the deaf and the hearing people. The line once passed, the loss of speech will no longer be so much regretted, no longer be regarded as the greatest of evils by those upon whom the misfortune falls, but, on the contrary, it may be regarded as a blessing in disguise.

Now, as language is the only means of communication between the deaf-mute, and the rest of the world, the acquirement of a good command of the English language is of the greatest importance. How then is this to be accomplished?

Simply by reading. It is not enough that the teacher should give lessons in English, and have them recited; he needs something else to help him in his work—something that will stock the mind of the pupil with words and phrases, giving him a ready and fluent command of language. This is a task beyond the power of the most talented or the most experienced teacher.

Hearing people are enabled to keep up their stock of words by constantly hearing or using them, while deaf-mutes have a language of their own, which rarely, if ever, admits of a word in conversation. The sign language is made the stepping-stone to a study of English, but if the habit of talking in signs is carried to excess, as unfortunately happens very often, it becomes rather an obstacle in the path of the learner. The majority of deaf-mutes prefer to express themselves in signs, to the injury of their English; and, sometimes to such an extent that, when occasion compels them to fall back upon their language, they hesitate—start anew—and pause again, being at a loss for the right word or words. The words which they once knew, and which once came readily at their bidding, have fled for want of practice.

As a deaf-mute, from the nature of his education, resorts more to gestures than to words to express his meaning, his command of language is slowly but surely deserting him; and, in order to counterbalance this bad effect, he must devote all the time he can spare to reading. Cicero has said "More men are ennobled by reading than by observation." A DEAF-MUTE.

INTRODUCTION.

We all need Christ as a Friend, to whom we can all go in prayer for blessings in our need; a Comforter in sorrows; a Teacher to unfold His own word to us; a Guide to lead us; a Savior to save us from our sins; and an Advocate to intercede for us before His Father's throne.

THEME—CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

1. He is all in all in our conversion and early Christian experience. We feel that we are sinners; the Holy Spirit shows us that we need a pardon for all our sins. We were led by the spirit to confess our sins and cry to Christ to forgive us, and to save us. He heard our cries, forgave our sins, and gave us sweet peace in Him.

2. Again, Christ is all in all to us in our devotions. All our desires for the presence of Christ, and the enjoyment of His blessing, were kindled in our hearts by Christ. All our tender emotions; all our penitence for sin; all our longing for pardon; all our yearning for His blessings, come directly from Christ.

3. Again, Christ is all in all in our daily life. We want to live good Christian lives and Christ is our certain Helper. No duties to be done, no trials to endure, no crosses to bear, no sorrows to experience, but Christ is with us, and our "all in all" to help us on our way.

4. Again, Christ is all in all to us in obeying His ordinances. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are ordinances of His instituting, and He requires an observance of them. A happy privilege to be baptized and thus follow Jesus; then to receive the broken bread, an emblem of Jesus' suffering body, and the wine, an emblem of His shed blood for us. A blessed privilege. In each of these ordinances "Christ is all and in all."

5. Lastly, in the bliss of Heaven "Christ is all and in all." Christ's presence is Heaven. To be with Christ, constitutes our dearest happiness here, and when we come to dwell with Christ in Heaven He will be all in all to us. Angels will sing His glory, and we shall forever chant His praises in the sweet song "Christ is all and in all."

The friends were deeply interested and, by tears, showed their love for Christ.

I also met Mr. Augustus Titecomb and wife, Oliver Dearing, and Charles Patterson of Saco, all good people, and well-to-do in their domestic relations. I have seldom met a more interesting class of mutes in all my travels.

Yours truly,
Rev. J. R. Bowler,
State Missionary.

A LETTER FROM "DOWN EAST."

WEST WATERVILLE, Me., Nov. 11, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The readers of your paper would, I presume, be pleased to hear from me once more. I shall try to keep up my correspondence in the future. My health is a great deal better than when I left Worcester last October.

I came to West Waterville on the afternoon of the 9th inst. I am the guest of Mr. Charles F. Folsom, a deaf-mute, a friend of mine. I am having a very pleasant time with him. He was a pupil at the American Asylum from 1868 to 1877, and was a member of the Gallaudet High School.

The quarterly meeting was held at the deaf-mutes' hall in Gorham's block,

Worcester, in the evening of March 20th. George A. Holmes, David White, and George B. Keniston, all officers of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union, were present, talking upon business affairs of the society. David

White resigned his office of collector of the society, but he was wanted to work for them again till the June meeting, and he refused. His resignation has been accepted. Mr. Charles E. Knight, of Worcester, took his place as collector. Mr. George B. Keniston, of Everett, resigned his position of chairman of the prudential committee, and the writer is his successor.

Mr. Keniston thought it best to have the name of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union changed to that of the "Worcester Deaf-Mute Society," but it was opposed. Mr. Keniston wanted to have a few changes made in the constitution, as some of the articles were improper. Mr. Charles F. Green, of Worcester, was appointed to examine it carefully, and make some changes. Mr. George A. Holmes, of Boston, read a letter written by Professor Atwood, of Newburyport, to the members of the society, saying the deaf-mute preachers should receive a little more pay than at present. They

should get \$5 a Sunday for religious services, instead of \$3, and extra pay for their expenses.

Almost every deaf-mute society outside of Worcester agreed to pay more than heretofore, but the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute

Christian Union thought it not best to

increase the pay, as its being short for

funds would not admit of it.

Messrs. Holmes, Keniston, Lynde,

and Rowe were the preachers for the

society, and expected to receive more

pay, but, as it did not feel able to pay

more, the society was obliged to stop

hiring them. Mr. Joseph O. Sanger, of Westboro', Mass., was appointed

preacher, and the writer substitute.

Some time last April Mr. Knight, of

Worcester, gave up collecting funds

for the Union, and the society must

have another collector at once, but it

was rather hard to find one. As I had

not much to do at printing, they

thought they would have me act as col-

lector, and they asked me to work for

them; but I was not very willing to

accept. They induced me to do so,

and, at last, I willingly became their

collecting agent, but did not intend to

continue to collect money for the

Union for many years. I thought I

had better please them by helping to

keep the society alive and prosperous.

I have traveled in many towns in Mas-

sachusetts, collecting, for several

months, but it has been very hard

work to collect, in these hard times.

The annual meeting was held in the

evening of June 19, 1878. George A.

Holmes and David White were present.

Mr. Holmes resigned his presidency,

and Mr. White's resignation as a com-

mittee was accepted. The officers

were elected for the year ensuing as

follows: President, William H. Green;

Vice-President, Delphus B. Howe;

Secretary, Daniel W. Cary; Treasurer,

Charles F. Green; Auditor, Charles E.

Knight, all of Worcester. Every thing

belonging to the society has been go-

ing on smoothly since that meeting.

On the last of June I resigned my

leadership of the Bible-class. The

society has not had a regular leader

since, but some of the members lead

the Bible-class, by turns, every Sunday.

There was no preaching from July 1st

to September 1st on account of the

summer vacation. The quarterly meet-

ing was held in the mutes' rooms in

the evening of September 18th, but it

did not last long. Not much business

was transacted.

This afternoon Mr. Folsom and I

went out to see the Cascade, which I

had never seen before. I thought it

very grand. The Cascade falls sixty-

five feet from the top of the dam, and

this is the outlet of seven ponds. The

ponds and connecting streams are six-

ty-five miles long. West Waterville

is a pleasant town of 2,700 inhabitants,

contains quite a number of stores, five

churches, (Methodist, Free Will

Baptist, Baptist, Universalist, and Advent-

ist,) and several shops of different

kinds. S叶thes and axes are manu-

factured in three large shops, owned

by the Dunn Edge Tool Company, and

the Hubbard and Blake Manufacturing

Company, and Emerson, Stevens & Co.

Twenty-five thousand dozen scythes

are said to have been manufactured this

year.

John Emery Crane, a semi-mute,

who attended the National Deaf-Mute

College five years, and graduated in

1877, is at work for E. C. Allen & Co.,

as clerk in a publishing house, at Au-

gusta, and is getting along exceeding-

ly well. His home is in Whiting, Me.

He has not been away from Augusta

for almost a year.

While I was in Augusta I went to

the Maine Insane Hospital, where

there are three deaf-mutes taken care

of, to get a subscription for "Laura

Bridgeman." Those mutes are Jack,

Warren, and Boyington, two of whom

I have seen at the hospital.

John O'Harris, a native of Walford,

Mass., was connected with the Ameri-

can Asylum, as a pupil, ten years—from

1860 to 1870, and was a member of the

Gallaudet High School four years. He

was my classmate nine years, and was

a very smart scholar. His mind was

very bright, and he was very fond of

reading, but not of exercise. After he

left school he began to learn the print-

er's trade in the Milford, (Mass.)

Journal office, where he remained sev-

eral years. When through there he

went to work for W. L. Hill, a semi-

mite, in the Athol, (Mass.) *Trans-*

cript office, where he worked for about

three years. His mind began to weaken

and it was feared that he was becom-

ing insane. Mr. Hill thought best to

send him home, and got some one to

take care of him in the ears. When

Mr. O'Hara arrived at Woonsocket,

R. I., where his folks live, he was found

in the street. He is now in the Provinc-

e Hospital, I learn. He would have gone to the National Deaf-

Mute College in 1870, if circumstances

had permitted. The Boston *Herald*

SUNDAY READING.

THE DUMB BOY'S FRIEND.

[Rev. Samuel Smith's Magazine for November.]

A group of children giving way
To happy, careless joy,
Once had among them at their play
A little deaf-mute boy.

"Tell us," they said, "we wish to know
Who your best friend may be?
On whom do you your love bestow?
His name, now, let us see?"

The deaf-mute boy the pencil took,
No hesitation showed,
But with a bright and happy look,
Wrote down the name of "God."

The children looked at him
With wonder in their eyes;
The dumb boy's answer puzzled them,
And filled them with surprise.

He does not understand," they said,
"His knowledge is but small;
He does but write what he has read;
God is the friend of all."

"God is in heaven, 'tis very true;
Your best Friend is above;
Now, name the friend on earth whom you
Above all others love."

They waited, and the deaf-mute boy,
In letters large and plain,
Wrote, while his eyes reveal'd his joy,
The name of "God" again.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
To Thee my love doth tend;
No one on earth can comfort me
As Thou, my Saviour, Friend."

Oh, happy child! I fain would know
The secret of thy love;
Learn my affections to bestow
On that Best Friend above.

Many sorrows thou mayest see
Ere thy life's journey end;
But thou canst ne'er unhappy be
With "God" for thy "Best Friend."

R. M. deef.
Suggested by a paragraph in the "Christian Herald."

NOTES OF A SERMON

Preached by the Rev. Geo. A. W. Downing, on Sunday August 11, to the Deaf and Dumb assembled for Special Service in Finnet Church, Bunderon.

Our blessed Lord and Saviour, when He was on this earth, taught His disciples and other people many lessons, and I am going to-day to tell you some of the lessons He once taught them by a little child.

It is very remarkable, that when Jesus wished thus to teach, that He did not call unto Him a learned man like Nicodemus, nor a rich man like Joseph of Arimathea, nor any of the priests or Levites; but He called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of the people who were round about.

There are many trials in this world, many difficulties, many sorrows, which often make us afraid as the boy was afraid when the house took fire, and all alone in the top room, he saw no way of escape. But we have a Father above who loves us; we have a Saviour who died for us; let us trust Him and we need not fear. He knows what is best for us. Even when death approaches, and we feel this world going away from us, and know that soon we must let all go, our hearts need not be troubled, for "underneath are the everlasting arms," and into them we shall fall, and they shall bear us up, and we shall be safe in the arms of Jesus throughout all eternity.

Now we have been brought together here this afternoon, by the mercy of God, from different parts of the country, and Christ Jesus has again called a little child and placed her in the midst of us, [Mr. Downing was here alluding to His having just then, in the presence of those assembled, baptized the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan] and He has done so, that He may teach us the very same lesson that He wished to teach to His disciples more than eighteen hundred years ago.

What then are the lessons that we may learn from this little child? There is first the lesson of Repentance. Many writers have written a great number of books about repentance—what it is; when it begins; how it begins; when it ends, &c. But the easiest way to learn all about it is to look at a little child.

When a little child has been naughty, and offends his father or mother, he feels very unhappy and uncomfortable, because he knows that he has done wrong. Now what does the child do? He does not begin to question whether his parents will forgive him, or try to think what he will say to them. He knows his parents love him, and so he comes to them at once with the simple words, "I have been naughty, I am so sorry, so unhappy, will you forgive me?" That is just what we read the Prodigal Son did. In his poverty, and misery, and sorrow, he thought of his father, and said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." And we read that his father gave him all, and more than he wanted, for he not only pardoned him, but received him back as his son.

Let us act in the same way by our Father who is in heaven.

Have we sinned? are we far from God? then we cannot be happy, for there is no happiness away from God; but through the love and mercy of Christ our Saviour we may return to Him again.

Do you, who have sinned (and you know that all have sinned,) wish to return to God? Then do not think about what words you should say, nor of the long time you may have been away from Him, but go to him simply as a little child and say, "Father, I have sinned, I am sorry, I hope to do better, for Christ's sake, pardon and forgive." And God our Father will do so, for He has promised it.

But there is another lesson that we may learn from this little child. It is a lesson of Faith.

In this world there are many things a little child cannot understand.

He is told of strange countries, and of people who live in them; of wonderful things, such as he never saw and cannot understand, but he believes all,

simply because he is told it by those in whom he has confidence. He has faith.

So should it be with us.

There are many things told us in the Bible which we cannot understand, some things which even the wisest men cannot explain, and which we shall never rightly know until we leave this world and go to the next. There

In consequence of there being no quorum at the Committee's meeting of 14th ult., it had to be adjourned.

James Paul, the Secretary of the above Society, is at present engaged in arranging for a proposed annexation of the Paisley Society to the Glasgow Mission, and will lay the petition of the deaf and dumb of the former town, before the sub-Committee of the Glasgow Mission to be held on the 5th inst.

DEAF AND DUMB OF DUMFRIES.

The following is an extract from the "Congregational Report" of Greyfriars Parish Church, Dumfries, 1877:—"It may be interesting to the congregation to know that a small congregation of deaf and dumb meet in the Presbyterian house every Sunday during the time of the afternoon service. A member of the congregation (Mr. John Henderson,) who has had long experience with the deaf and dumb, conducts the service, which appears to be much appreciated by those for whom it is intended.

PICTURES BY A DEAF AND DUMB ARTIST.

(1) In the Royal Manchester Institution (1878)—No. 822, "Robinson's Bank, Smithy Door" (Water Colours). F. L. Tavaré. (2) White's Autumn Exhibition of Water Colours.—No. 511, "Old Houses, Greengate, Salford." Frederick Lawrence Tavaré. "Robinson's Bank, an old building, was demolished in 1874."—Vide *The Manchester City News*, Saturday, September 29, 1877.

A house once took fire. In a room at the top of the house was a little boy all alone. He looked out of the window, and saw his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all safe on the street below, but when he tried to go to them he could not, for the stairs were in flames. He stood at the window in terror. The firemen brought a ladder and placed it against the wall, but it was too short to reach up to the window where the boy stood. "Jump, jump, and I will catch you in my arms!" shouted the fireman; but the boy would not, because the voice was a strange one, and he had no confidence in the man who spoke to him.

Then the father made the fireman come down, and went up the ladder himself. "My boy," he said, "you know me, don't be afraid, let yourself drop into my arms, and I will be sure to catch you." The boy was no longer afraid, for he trusted his father. He did exactly as he was told, and was soon safe on the ground.

So dear friends, should we in like manner trust our Heavenly Father.

There are many trials in this world, many difficulties, many sorrows, which often make us afraid as the boy was afraid when the house took fire, and all alone in the top room, he saw no way of escape. But we have a Father above who loves us; we have a Saviour who died for us; let us trust Him and we need not fear. He knows what is best for us. Even when death approaches, and we feel this world going away from us, and know that soon we must let all go, our hearts need not be troubled, for "underneath are the everlasting arms," and into them we shall fall, and they shall bear us up, and we shall be safe in the arms of Jesus throughout all eternity.

It is very remarkable, that when Jesus wished thus to teach, that He did not call unto Him a learned man like Nicodemus, nor a rich man like Joseph of Arimathea, nor any of the priests or Levites; but He called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of the people who were round about.

There are many trials in this world, many difficulties, many sorrows, which often make us afraid as the boy was afraid when the house took fire, and all alone in the top room, he saw no way of escape. But we have a Father above who loves us; we have a Saviour who died for us; let us trust Him and we need not fear. He knows what is best for us. Even when death approaches, and we feel this world going away from us, and know that soon we must let all go, our hearts need not be troubled, for "underneath are the everlasting arms," and into them we shall fall, and they shall bear us up, and we shall be safe in the arms of Jesus throughout all eternity.

Now we have been brought together here this afternoon, by the mercy of God, from different parts of the country, and Christ Jesus has again called a little child and placed her in the midst of us, [Mr. Downing was here alluding to His having just then, in the presence of those assembled, baptized the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan] and He has done so, that He may teach us the very same lesson that He wished to teach to His disciples more than eighteen hundred years ago.

What then are the lessons that we may learn from this little child?

There is first the lesson of Repentance. Many writers have written a great number of books about repentance—what it is; when it begins; how it begins; when it ends, &c. But the easiest way to learn all about it is to look at a little child.

When a little child has been naughty, and offends his father or mother, he feels very unhappy and uncomfortable, because he knows that he has done wrong. Now what does the child do? He does not begin to question whether his parents will forgive him, or try to think what he will say to them. He knows his parents love him, and so he comes to them at once with the simple words, "I have been naughty, I am so sorry, so unhappy, will you forgive me?" That is just what we read the Prodigal Son did. In his poverty, and misery, and sorrow, he thought of his father, and said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

And now, one word more. Jesus has this day called a little child and set her in the midst of us. We have seen her received into Christ's Church, made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. Now this service should remind us all that we, too, have been received into the Church of Christ. We, too, have promised to renounce the devil and all his works, to believe all the articles of the Christian faith, and to obey God's holy will and commandments.

When we leave this church and go each to our own homes let us again think of all these vows and promises of which God has this day reminded us, by bringing this little child into His Church to be baptized before us. Asking His pardon for what we have neglected, for what we have done amiss, and grace that for the future we may lead more holy, more godly lives, until at length we shall come to that blessed and happy home which our Saviour Christ has gone to prepare for all who love and serve Him.

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Summary of Foreign Deaf-Mute News.

[From Rev. Samuel Smith's Magazine—
THE NATIONAL DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY.]

In consequence of there being no quorum at the Committee's meeting of 14th ult., it had to be adjourned.

James Paul, the Secretary of the above Society, is at present engaged in arranging for a proposed annexation of the Paisley Society to the Glasgow Mission, and will lay the petition of the deaf and dumb of the former town, before the sub-Committee of the Glasgow Mission to be held on the 5th inst.

DEAF AND DUMB OF DUMFRIES.

The following is an extract from the "Congregational Report" of Greyfriars Parish Church, Dumfries, 1877:—"It may be interesting to the congregation to know that a small congregation of deaf and dumb meet in the Presbyterian house every Sunday during the time of the afternoon service. A member of the congregation (Mr. John Henderson,) who has had long experience with the deaf and dumb, conducts the service, which appears to be much appreciated by those for whom it is intended.

PICTURES BY A DEAF AND DUMB ARTIST.

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